

Essay on Being 35

If I could only
remember how to laugh...

I can't even look a young girl
straight in the legs anymore

& mostly I sit down to piss, now

I taught my wife to masturbate
so I could sleep more
or at least lay there
& stare at the wall

She cries while she does it

After 8 days in bed
I developed athlete's foot
I wonder if I have some Jewish blood?

My mother is worried about me
I wish I were still addicted to heroin
things were much simpler, then

If I could snap out of this funk
I'd have enough energy
to kill myself
but if I had the energy
I wouldn't feel like it

Jesus, life is complicated
I wonder if I have some Jewish blood?

What I need is
a good young piece of ass
but what would I do with it?

I'll bet you think this
is one of those funny poems
It's funny, alright

Today I forgot how to cry
Every day, in every way
I'm getting flatter & flatter

HELP

10/1969

Normal, Illinois